184 /42 cont./
342 household. A little apart from the other rooms often rises a
[574] small, second-story chamber, the "tamesrit," where one receives guests, who have access to it from the outside.

The mountain houses are more modest. They are made of small, separate units to which one has access from the outside. They are constructed in stone, walled up with a little clay; their terraces are of earth and edged with heavy, flat stones.
[231] Each of them has a second story, raised so little that one stands up with difficulty; the goats and sheep live below; the upper part is reserved for provisions and the habitation of people. /43/ The entrance doors are light and fragile, for one need not fear foreign thieves. A large, square room, without stories, covered by a terrace, in the center of which is arranged a wide opening, serves as kitchen and gynaeceum. All around stretch the threshing floors bordered by dressed stones. To avoid the cold and humidity, only tiny windows are pierced in the walls; in the regions disturbed by war, these openings take on the look of loopholes, and care is taken to arrange them in such a way that the inhabitants could not be hit by a bullet fired from outside. Finally, on the terraces, galleries closed by lattices of branches of pink laurel permit living in the open air, sheltered from the nearly vertical rays of the sun.

[361] These poor houses of the high valleys, all alike, tiered on a slope, often resemble the cells of a wasp's nest.

621 Sad in the rain and snow, when the inhabitants shiver in the
511 vermin and the clouds linger on the flank of the mountains, these
512 little hamlets become lively in the sun. In the brightened sky
● [354] the fumes rise through the gaping openings of the kitchens; the
[521] men get together under the galleries to chat; the golden bunches
[251] of maize and the scarlet peppers dry on the terraces. The flocks
[233] leave the enclosures, guided by the children, while the women,
[857] who climb toward the forest in order to look for their heavy loads
[462] of dead wood, courageously forget their miserable existence and send out into the light the shrill note of their singing.